cigs that I'd just given him. I'd stuffed them into his "Roots" bag when he was out of the office.

Of course there was another story behind his needing cigarettes and not being able to buy them for himself. That would account for his somber appearance in the second set of pictures. I took these at Christmas, without his permission. He hated them. He looks very glum while stringing little lights on the Emile Durkheim Christmas Tree. It should have been a happy task. Money had everything to do with it. He hated Christmas. He thought it was all to do with money. At least that one was his last.

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The manager made herself hoarse telling the tenants. They took it very well. Alice came to the office with her laundry in a green garbage bag. She wanted some of the soap powder that Karl put in little Baggies as an excuse for being in the office early in the morning. Her laundry consisted of a pair of jeans. She would guard them in the laundry room all afternoon. No one in his right mind would steal them. Maybe that was why. The manager invited her into the office and asked her to sit in one of the crummy chairs reserved for tenants. Some of the staff were afraid of picking up scabies or other bugs by sitting in a chair that a tenant had just sat in. Getting the tenants to clean up was out of the question. They were untouchables.